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THE RAYS OF THE MOON FELL UPON A HUGE GRAY WOLF, WHO WALKED ERECT LIKE A MAN!

RED ARROW, THE WOLF DEMON;

OR,
The Queen of the Kanawha.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

Author of "The Ace of Spades," "The Scarlet Hand," "The Heart of Fire," etc., etc.

THE PROLOGUE.

IN THE GLADE AND BY THE MOONLIGHT.

The great, round moon looked down in a flood of silver light upon the virgin forest by the banks of the Scioto.

The tree-tops were green and silver; but, under the spreading branches, sable was the gloom.

The strange, odd noises of the night broke the forest stillness.

The free winds surged with a mournful sound through the branches of the wood.

A ring around the moon told the coming storm.

Dark masses of clouds dashed across the sky, ever and anon veiling in the "mistress of the night," as though some unquiet spirit was envious of the pale moonbeams, and wished to cover with its mantle the earth, and cloak an evil deed.

A frightened deer came dashing through the aisles of the forest—a noble buck with branching horns that told of many a year spent under the greenwood tree.

Across a little open glade, wherein the moonbeams fell—kissing the earth as though they loved it—dashed the deer, and then, entering again the dark recesses of the forest, the brown coat of the wood-prince was lost in the inky gloom.

Then in the trail of the buck, guided by the noise of the rustling branches, came a dark form.

As the form stole, with noiseless tread across the moonlit glade, it displayed the person of an Indian warrior.

A red chief decked out in deer-skin garb, stained with the pigments of the earth in many colors, and fringed in fanciful fashion.

The warrior was a tall and muscular savage, one of Nature's noblemen. A son of the wilderness untrammeled by the taints of civilization.

With careless steps the warrior retraced his way.

From behind a tree-trunk came the terrible form. One single blow and a tomahawk crashed through the brain of the red-man.

With a groan the Shawnee chief sunk lifeless to the earth.

The dark form bent over him for a moment. Three rapid knife-slashes, and the mark of the destroyer was blazoned on the breast of the victim, reddened with blood.

Then through the aisles of the forest stole the dark form.

All living things—the insects of the earth—the birds of the night—shrank from its path.

It crossed the glade full in the soft light of the moon.

The rays of the orb of night fell upon a huge gray wolf, who walked erect like a

The Shawnee brave dreamed not of the dark and fearful form—that seemed neither man nor beast—that lurked in his track.

He had hunted the deer, but little thought that he, too, in turn was hunted.

The red chief guessed not that the dread demon of his nation—the terrible foe who had left his red "totem" on the breast of many a stout Shawnee brave—was even now on his track, eager for that blood which was necessary to its existence.

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All living things—the insects of the earth—the birds of the night—shrank from its path.

It crossed the glade full in the soft light of the moon.

The rays of the orb of night fell upon a huge gray wolf, who walked erect like a

man! The face of the wolf was that of a human. In the paw of the beast gleamed the tomahawk of the red-man, the edge now scarlet with the blood of the Shawnee chief.

For a moment the moon looked upon the huge and terrible figure, and then, as if struck with deadly fear at the awful sight, hid itself behind a dark cloud.

When it again came forth the strange and terrible being that wore the figure of a wolf and the face of a man, had disappeared, swallowed up in the gloom of the forest.

Once again the creatures of the night came forth. Again the shrill cries broke the stillness of the wood.

CHAPTER I.

THE MARK ON THE TREE.

Two rifle—"cracks" broke the stillness of the wilderness that stretched in one almost unbroken line from the Alleghany and Blue Ridge peaks to the Ohio river. The reports re-echoed over the broad expanse of the Kanawha and Ohio rivers, for the shots were fired near the junction of the two streams—fired so nearly at the same time that the two seemed almost like one report.

Then, before the smoke of the rifles had curled lazily upward in spiral rings on the air, came a crash in the tangled underbrush, and forth into a little open glade—the work of Nature's master hand—dashed a noble buck. The red stream bursting from a wound just behind the shoulder and staining crimson the glossy brown coat of the forest lord, told plainly that he was stricken unto death.

The buck gained the center of the glade, then his stride weakened; the dash through the thicket was the last despairing effort of the poor brute to escape from the invisible foes whose death-dealing bows had pierced his side.

With a moan of pain, almost human in its expression, the buck fell upon his knees, then rolled over on his side, dead.

The buck had fallen near the trunk of a large oak tree—a tree distinguished from its neighbors by a blazon upon its side, whereon, in rude characters, some solitary hunter had cut his name.

Scarcely had the death-bleat of the buck pierced the silence of the glen, when two men came dashing through the woods, each eager to be the first to secure the game.

One of the two was some twenty yards in advance of the other, and reached the body of the dead buck just as his rival emerged from the thicket.

Placing his foot upon the buck, and rifle in hand, he prepared to dispute the quarry with the second hunter, for both men—strangers to each other—had fired at the same deer.

The hunter who stood with his foot upon the buck, in an attitude of profound defiance, had reloaded his rifle as he ran, and was prepared to defend his right to the game to the bitter end.

In person, the hunter was a muscular, well-built man, standing some six feet in height. Not a clumsy, overgrown giant, hardly able to bear his own weight, but a man as supple and as active as a panther. He was clad in buck-skin hunting-shirt and leggings, made in the Indian fashion, but unlike that fashion in one respect, and that was that no gaudy ornaments decorated the garments. Upon the feet of the hunter were a pair of moccasins. A cap rudely fashioned from a piece of deer-skin, and with the little flat tail of the animal as an ornament, completed the dress of the hunter.

The face of the man was singular to look upon. The features were large and clearly cut. The cold, gray eye, broad forehead, and massive, squarely-chiselled chin, told of dauntless courage and of an iron will. A terrible scar extended from the temple to the chin on the left side of the face.

The hunter was quite young—not over twenty-five, though deep lines of care were upon the face.

The second hunter, who came from the tangled thicket, but paused on the edge of the little glen on beholding the threatening attitude of the hunter who stood with his foot on the deer, was a man who had probably been forty years. He, too, like the other, was of powerful build, and his muscular frame gave promise of great strength.

He was dressed like the first, in the forest garb of deer-skin, but his dress was gayly fringed and ornamented.

In his hand he bore one of the long rifles so common to the frontier settler of that time, for our story is of the year 1780.

The clear blue eye of the second hunter took in the situation at a glance. He readily saw that the man who stood so defiantly by the deer was not disposed to yield his claim to the animal without a struggle. So the second hunter determined upon a parley.

"Hello, stranger! I reckon we're both arter the same critter," said the hunter who stood on the edge of the little glade.

"Yes; it 'pears so," replied the other, who stood by the deer.

There was something apparently in the voice of the last comer that impressed the first favorably, for he dropped the butt of his rifle to the ground, though he still kept his foot upon the deer's carcass.

"Well, stranger, we can't both have the game. I think I hit him, an' of course, as it is but nat'ral, you think so, too. So I reckon we'd better find out which one of us belongs to; 'cause I don't want him if my ball didn't finish him, an' of course, you don't want him if he's mine by right," said the second hunter, approaching the other fearlessly.

"You're right, by hookey!" cried the other, yielding to the influence of the good-humored tone of the other.

"Let me introduce myself, stranger, 'cos

you seem to be a new-comer 'round hyer," said the old hunter. "My name's Daniel Boone; mayhap you've heard of me."

"Well, I reckon I have!" exclaimed the other, in astonishment. "That's few men on the border but what have heard on you. I'm right glad to see you, kurnel."

"How may I call your name?" asked Boone, who had taken a fancy to the brawny stranger.

"That's my mark—my handle," said the stranger, pointing as he spoke to the name carved on the tree-trunk by which the deer had fallen: "that's me."

Boone cast his eye upon the tree.

ABZARK HIS MARK

Such was the inscription blazoned upon the trunk of the oak.

"You see, kurnel, the buck evidently thought that it was a ball from my rifle that ended him, 'cos he laid down to die right under my name," said the hunter, with a laugh.

"Abe Lark!" Boone read the inscription upon the tree aloud.

"Yes, that's me, kurnel; you'n to command," replied the hunter.

"Stranger in these parts?" questioned Boone.

"Yes," replied the other; "I've just come down from the north. I camped hyer last night, an' this morning I just put my mark onto the tree, so that folks might know that I was 'round."

"I'm right glad to meet you," and Boone shook hands warmly with the stranger hunter. "And, while you're in these parts, just take up your quarters with me. I'm stopping down yonder, at Point Pleasant, on a visit to some folks of mine."

"Well, I don't mind, kurnel; I'll take your invitation in the same good spirit that you offer it," said Lark.

"Now for the deer; let's see who the animal belongs to," cried Boone, kneeling down by the carcass.

"Why, kurnel, I resign all claim. It ain't for me to dispute with Kurnel Boone!" exclaimed Lark.

"Resign your claim?" cried Boone, in astonishment. "Not by a jugfull. I'll wager my rifle ag'in a pop-gun that you're as good a hand at a rifle as myself. It's just as likely to be your deer as mine."

Then the two carefully examined the carcass. They found the marks of the two bullets easily; both had struck the animal just behind the shoulder, but on opposite sides. It was difficult to determine which had inflicted the death-wound.

"Well, now, this would puzzle a lawyer," muttered Boone.

"S'pose we divide the animal, share and share alike," said Lark.

"That's squar'," replied Boone. "We'll take the buck in to the station. By the way, what's the news from the upper settlements?"

"Well, nothing particular, 'cept that the red devils are on the war-path ag'in," replied Lark.

Boone was astonished at the news.

"On the war-path ag'in, eh? What tribe?"

"The Shawnees."

"The Shawnees!" cried Boone; "then we'll see fire and smell gunpowder round these parts before long."

"I shouldn't wonder," said the other.

"Well, I'm glad that you've brought the news. We'll be able to prepare for the imps."

"You can depend upon it," said Lark; "a friend of mine has been right through the Shawnee country. They are coming down onto the settlements in greater force than was ever known before. They've been stirred up by the British on the border. I did hear say that the British Governor agrees to give so much apiece for white scalps to the red savages."

"The eternal villain!" cried Boone, indignantly.

"The Injuns are a-goin' to try to wipe out all the settlements on the Ohio. It will be a bloody time while it lasts," said Lark, soberly.

"We'll have to face it," replied Boone. "Did your friend hear what chief was goin' to lead the expedition ag'in us on the south?"

"Yes; Ke-ne-ha-ha."

"The-man-that-walks," said Boone, thoughtfully. "He's one of the best warriors in all the Shawnee nation. Blood will run like water along our borders, I'm afraid."

"Yes, and the renegade, Simon Girty, is

to guide the Injuns."

"If I had him within reach of my rifle once he'd never guide another Injun expedition ag'in his own flesh and blood," said Boone, and his hand closed tightly around the rifle-barrel.

"I was jest on my way to the settlement at Point Pleasant when I started up the buck this morning," said Lark.

"Well, I'm right glad it happened as it did, 'cos I shouldn't have had the pleasure of meetin' you," said Boone. "Now, s'pose we swing the buck on a pole an' tote it to the station. I reasonably expect that there'll be some white faces over yonder when they hear that Ke-ne-ha-ha an' his Shawnees, to say nothin' of Girty, are on the war-path."

"There ought to be good men enough

along the Ohio to whip any force that these red devils can bring," said Lark.

"Well, they're awfully scattered, but I reckon that now that we know what's goin' on, we can get men enough to give the Shawnees all the fighting that they want."

Then the two slung the buck on a pole and started to the station known as Point Pleasant.

CHAPTER II.

THE SECRET FOE.

In the pleasant valley of the Scioto, near what is now the town of Chillicothe, stood the principal village of the great Shawnee nation—the Indian tribe that could bring ten thousand warriors into the field—deadly enemies of the pale-faced intruder.

All was bustle within the Indian village. To one used to the Indian customs, it would have been plain that the red-skins were preparing for the war-path.

The village was alive with warriors. Gayly-painted savages, decked with ochre and vermilion, strutted proudly up and down, eagerly waiting for the time to come when, like tigers, they could spring upon the pale-faces and reden their weapons with the blood of their hated foes.

Over the village ruled the great chief Ke-ne-ha-ha, or, "The-man-that-walks"—the greatest warrior in all the Shawnee nation—a chief wise in council, brave on the war-path, and wily as the red fox.

In the village of the red-men were two whose skins were white, though they were Indians at heart. The two were renegades from their country and their kin.

These two stood together by the river's bank, and idly watched the daring and howling warriors. They were dressed in the Indian fashion, and were sinewy, powerful men in build.

The taller of the two, whose hair and eyes were dark, was called Simon Girty. At one time he had been reputed to be one of the best scouts on the border, but, for some reason, he had forsaken the settlements and found a home with the fierce red-men of the forest-wild, giving up home, country, friends, everything. He had been adopted into the Indian tribe, and none of his red-skinned brothers seemed to bear as deadly a hatred to the whites as this renegade, Simon Girty.

His companion was not quite so tall or as stoutly built. He was called David Kendrick, and was an adopted son of the Shawnees, as Girty was of the Wyandots.

"This is going to be a bloody business," said Girty, as he surveyed the yelling Indians, who were busy in the "scalp-dance."

"Yes, our chief, Ke-ne-ha-ha, has sworn to break the power of the whites along the Ohio. The braves are well provided with arms by the British Governor. Kentucky never saw such a force upon her border as this will be," replied the other.

"The more the better," said the renegade, Girty, moodily.

Then a howl of anguish rung through the Indian village. The braves stopped their sports to listen. They knew the signal well: it was the wail for the dead. It told that some Shawnee warrior had gone to the spirit-land.

The cry of anguish came from a party of braves entering the village from the south. In their midst they bore what seemed, to the eyes of the renegades, a human body.

The warriors deposited their burden before the door of the council-lodge.

Attracted by the death-note, Ke-ne-ha-ha, the great chief of the Shawnees, came from his lodge.

The chief was a splendid specimen of a man. He stood nearly six feet in height, and was as straight as an arrow. He was quite light in hue for an Indian, and his features were intelligent and finely cut.

Astonishment flashed from his eyes as he gazed upon the face of the dead Indian, around whom, at a respectful distance, were grouped the Shawnee warriors.

The chief recognized the features of the brave known as Little Crow, a stout warrior, and reputed to be one of the best fighting men in all the Shawnee nation.

"Wah!" said the chief, in a tone that betrayed deep astonishment, "the soul of the Little Crow has gone to the spirit-land—he rests in Manitou's bosom. Let my braves speak—who has taken the life of the Shawnee warrior?"

"Let the chief open his ears and he shall hear," replied one of the braves, a tall, muscular warrior, known as Watega. "Little Crow went forth, last night, to hunt the deer in the woods of the Scioto. He was a great warrior; his arm was strong—his feet swift on the trail. He told his brothers that he would return before the spirit-lights (stars) died. He did not come. His brothers sought for him. By the banks of the Scioto they found him, but the hatchet of a foe had taken the life of the Little Crow."

Then the chief knelt by the side of the body and examined the wound in the head; the clotted blood marked the spot.

The head of the chief had been split open by a single blow, and that dealt by a giant's hand. The wound had apparently been made by a tomahawk, and, as the chief guessed, the dead man had been attacked suddenly, and from the rear.

"Did my warriors find no trail of the enemy who took the life of their brother?" asked the chief, still keeping his position by the body, and with a puzzled look upon his face.

"Wah! the Shawnee braves have eyes—they are not blind, like owls in the light."

When they found the Little Crow dead, they looked for the track of the foe. They found footprints by the body, but the trail came from nowhere and went nowhere.

"And the footprints—Indian or pale-face?"

"Pale-face, but the moccasins of the red-man," answered the brave.

The brow of the chief grew dark. A white foe so near the village of the Shawnee and so daring as to attack and kill one of the best warriors of the tribe, apparently without a struggle, must needs be looked after.

"My braves must hunt down the pale-face that wears the moccasin of the Indian and uses the tomahawk," said the chief, gravely.

"The totem of the Wolf Demon!" exclaimed the chief.

The circle of friends gazed upon the mysterious mark in silent consternation. Their staring eyes and fear-stricken countenances showed plainly how deeply they were interested.

And what was the totem of the Wolf Demon?

On the naked breast of the brawny dead chief were three slashes, apparently made by a knife, thus:

And the blood, congealing on the skin, formed a Red Arrow.

It was the totem of the Wolf Demon—the invisible and fatal scourge of the great Shawnee nation. Thus he marked his victims.

The chief arose with a troubled look upon his haggard face.

"Let my people sing the death-song, for a brave warrior has gone to the spirit-land. Ke-ne-ha-ha will seek the counsel of the Great Medicine Man, so that he may learn how to fight the Wolf Demon, who has stricken unto death the great braves of the Shawnee nation, and put the totem of the Red Arrow upon their breast."

Sorrowfully the warriors obeyed the words of the chief, and soon the sound of lamentation wailed out loud on the air, which, but a moment before, had resounded with the glad shouts of triumph.

Slowly and with knitted brows, Ke-ne-ha-ha betook himself to the lodge of the old Indian who was the Great Medicine Man of the Shawnee tribe.

The death of one of the principal warriors of his tribe by the dreaded hand of the Wolf Demon, almost within the very precincts of his village, and at the very moment when he was preparing to set out on his expedition against the whites, seemed like an omen of evil. A dark cloud descended upon his soul, despite all his efforts to remove it.

The two renegades had joined the circle around the dead Indian, and had listened to the story of how he had met his death. Then, when the circle had broken up, they had slowly walked back again to their former position by the bank of the river.

A puzzled look was upon Girty's face. After they had resumed their former station, he spoke:

"Dave, the words of the chief are a mystery to me, though the Indians seem to understand them well enough. What did he mean when he spoke of the Wolf Demon? and what did that mark of a Red Arrow cut on the breast of the dead Indian mean?"

"Why, don't you know?" asked the other, in astonishment.

"No; you forget that, for the past six months, I have been at Upper Sandusky, with the Wyandots."

"Yes; and it is just about six months since the Wolf Demon first appeared."

"Explain," said Girty, unable to guess the mystery.

"I will. For the past six months some mysterious being has singled out the warriors of the Shawnee tribe for his victims. He always seems to take them by surprise; single warriors alone he attacks. And on the breast of those he kills he leaves, as his mark, three slashes with a knife forming a Red Arrow, like the one you saw on this fellow."

"But the name of the Wolf Demon?" "I will explain. One Indian alone has lived to tell of an encounter with this mysterious slayer. He was only stunned, and recovered. He reported that he was attacked by a huge gray wolf with a man's head—the face painted black and white. The wolf stood on its hind legs like a man, but in height far out-topping any human. He caught a glimpse of the monster as it struck him down with a tomahawk that the beast held in its paws. And that was the story of the Wolf Demon, who has killed some of the bravest warriors of the Shawnee nation."

"But, what do you think it is?" "I reckon it's the devil," said the renegade, solemnly.

CHAPTER III.

A TIMELY SHOT.

From one of the largest of the dwellings that composed the little frontier settlement of Point Pleasant came a young girl.

Then, to the astonished ears of the young man came a woman's scream, evidently given under great alarm.

The traveler checked his horse and snatched the rifle from the saddle.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HEART OF FIRE: MOTHER VS. DAUGHTER.

A REVELATION OF CHICAGO LIFE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN, AUTHOR OF "ACE OF SPADES," "SCARLET HAND."

CHAPTER XVII.

LURIE IS PERPLEXED.

THE future looked all bright to Lurie Casper. She had won the old sailor.

Wealth, social position all would be hers.

Yet, in the brightness of the future, that opened so gloriously before her, was one

little cloud, and in the center of that cloud

was the handsome face of Bertrand Tasnor.

"To Mackinaw," said Lurie, absently;

"that is far off."

"Yes, mum," said Rick, "way off up in

the woods, somewhere."

"Can it be that he did not recognize

me?" murmured Lurie, to herself, in

doubt, "or is he willing that I should go

my way free? I can hardly believe that

for I know his nature too well. I am sure

that he hates me fully as much as I do him.

He must know that the blow that came so

near his life last night came from me."

Is he then a man to go quietly away without

trying to return that blow?" No, I know

it all now. I know what I must do.

He must know that the blow that came so

near his life last night came from me."

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it all now. I know what I must do.

He must know that the blow that came so

near his life last night came from me."

Is he then

him too well to believe that. What then can be the meaning of the movement which takes him far from me?" For a few moments Lurlie pondered over the difficult question in silence. Her earnest face and puzzled look showed plainly how deeply she was interested.

"Ah! I have it!" she muttered—still communing with herself—as a sudden thought flashed across her brain. "This is a trick—a trap wherein to catch me. He wishes to throw me off my guard. To make me believe either that he did not recognize me, or else, that, recognizing me, he does not care to measure his wits against mine. He must have discovered that the boy was following him and suspected that I set him on the watch. This must be the explanation of his conduct; it is the only reasonable one.

"Rick," she said, aloud, and turning to the boy, "did this stranger discover that you were following him?"

"No, mum," answered the boy, promptly.

"You are sure?" questioned Lurlie, somewhat puzzled.

"Yes, mum, merry sure," said Rick, without a bit of hesitation.

"But, he may have noticed you without your seeing him."

"Why, he never turned round."

"And you are sure that he did not suspect that you were following him?" said Lurlie, who was bewildered at the intelligence.

"Yes, mum," said the hunchback, decidedly. "He went right down to the dock—right straight from here; I followed 'way on abind; so he couldn't see me if he had a turned round, but he didn't, nary time. Arter he inquired on the boat, I shied off home, 'cos I thought that I had found out all you wanted to know."

"Yes, that is all I wanted," said Lurlie, absently.

Rick watched her face, covertly, from beneath his beetling eyebrows. There was a cunning leer on his features, that possibly would have added to Lurlie's uneasiness had she noticed it. But she did not. She was trying, but vainly, to find a reason for the strange action on the part of Bertrand Tasnor.

"When does the boat go?" said Lurlie, at length.

"To-night at seven o'clock. I see'd it on a bill, just over the bridge," said the boy.

"To-night, then, at seven, Rick, you go down to the dock and see if this man goes on the boat."

"Yes, mum."

"Then come back instantly and tell me."

"Yes, mum, I will," replied the boy.

"That is all then; you can go, Rick."

Mechanically the words came from the lips of the girl. Her thoughts were far away. A dim sense of danger was hanging over her. She had a dark foreboding that the action of Bertrand menaced harm to her. That, like, the tiger, he was only recoiling to make his spring more certain. But, how to guard against that danger she knew not. Her thoughts were groping in the dark; no ray of light shot across her be-wildered brain.

With a noiseless step, Rick left the room. There was something of the snake about all the actions of the hunchback.

Once outside he closed the door carefully behind him. Then he doubled up his dirty fist and shook it menacingly in the air. The direction indicated clearly that the menace was intended for Lurlie.

"You didn't give me nothing, neither," he whined, softly. "You think I'm a-going to watch the 'cap' for you and for nothing, too! Maybe, I'll watch you for him, my lady, the fust thing you knows. You ain't a-going to have every thing your own way, not as I knows on!"

Then having apparently relieved his mind, Rick slunk down-stairs.

Lurlie, after the departure of the hunchback, left alone with her own thoughts—which were a strange mingling of sweet and bitter—sat down by the window, and for a few moments drummed listlessly upon the window-pane.

"I can not understand," she murmured reflectively. "Can it be that he is willing to leave me to follow my way through the world in peace? I can hardly believe it, and yet it looks like it. I shall know tonight when the boy returns. If he does leave Chicago in the "Lake Bird," it will be positive proof that he mediates no wrong to me, for, if he did, he would not leave the city. To-night I shall know, sure. Let me see: the captain—my future husband—and a tone of triumph swelled in her voice as she spoke—"will be here for me at eight, so he said. The boat sails at seven. Rick, then, will have time to see whether this man departs in her or remains in Chicago. If he leaves the city then I may breathe freely, but if he remains, and she drew a long breath as she spoke, "why then I am in danger. I shall know to-night though, and if it is to be, I must prepare to meet it. It will be strange, indeed; if my woman's wits are not a match for his—cool, desperate villain though he be. Time will show, however. Now I must prepare to leave this den of misery. To-morrow I shall shine in Michigan avenue, the honored wife of Captain Middough. The worm will become a butterfly. I must take care, though, that my wings are not singed by the fiery breath of Bertrand Tasnor."

The day passed slowly away to Lurlie.

Eagerly and anxiously she watched the hands of the clock as they, at a snail's pace—so it seemed to her—crept lazily around the dial.

The hour of seven came at last.

Darkness began to fall in the busy streets of the great city. The lights slowly appeared in the windows, one by one.

If the previous hour had seemed long to Lurlie, the sixty minutes that intervened between seven and eight appeared to the restless spirit of the woman as long as all the rest put together.

"Which will come first?" she murmured, as impatiently she paced up and down the room. "Will it be Rick or the captain? Will I receive the news that my enemy has gone or that my marriage waits? Oh, will eight never come?"

Anxiously she watched the face of the clock. Slowly the hands marked the minutes. The loud ticking of the clock was answered by the pulsating throb of the fiery heart that beat within her breast—that heart which could melt with all the warm tenderness of woman's love or burn with all the fierce passion of a demon's hate.

At last the hands noted the hour of eight.

Lurlie's heart gave a great throb of joy when she looked at the dial and noted the time.

"A short hour and I shall commence my career of triumph. One little hour and I shall be the wife of Captain Middough; but—oh! why does not Rick come in?"

Lurlie, releasing herself, gently, from the arms of the old man, ran to the closet and got her things.

Tenderly and carefully the captain wrapped the dark cloak around her shapely little shoulders.

The cloak completely hid her white dress.

Middough again drew her to his arms and pressed a loving kiss upon her rosy lips.

A little knock came at the door.

Quick as the lightning's flash the thought came to Lurlie that it must be Rick. Here then was an end to her anxiety. She would know whether Bertrand had left Chicago or remained in the city. Whether the cloud—which she felt sure was hanging over her head—was about to burst and dart its lightnings upon her now or in the future.

"Will you excuse me for a moment?" she asked.

"Certainly," said the captain, gallantly.

"I will be back in a moment." Then she glided from his arms, hastened to the door, opened it and left the room.

The captain watched her little figure until the closing door hid her from his sight.

"An angel, by Jove!" he cried, heartily.

In the entry, as Lurlie had expected, she found Rick.

A shrewd grin came over the features of the hunchback as the girl approached him.

"Did you see him?" questioned Lurlie, anxiously.

"Yes, mum," the boy answered.

"And did he go in the boat?"

"Yes, mum."

"You are sure that you have made no mistake?"

"Yes, mum; I waited on the dock till I see'd him coming; then I followed him in the crowd on board the boat, and I see'd him buy his ticket at the office for Mackinaw. I heerd him give his name, too, and in course you'll know by that whether I made any mistake."

"Yes, yes!" cried Lurlie, anxiously; "what name did he give?"

"Bertrand Tasnor," replied the boy, promptly.

"Yes, that is right. You are sure that he did not leave the boat before she sailed?"

"No, 'cos I see'd him arter she cast off and put out into the stream."

"On board?"

"Yes, mum."

"You are a good boy, Rick—a good, faithful boy!" exclaimed Lurlie, her face showing her pleasure at the news. "Here's a dollar for your pocket-book and Lurlie took a note from her pocket-book and gave it to him.

"Thank you, mum; I'm very much obliged," said Rick, pocketing the bill, and shrewd twinkle gleaming in his little eyes. "Is that all you want me to do?"

"Yes," replied Lurlie.

Then the boy took his way, slowly, down the stairs.

For a moment, Lurlie remained motionless, in deep thought. Her brow was now clear; no deep wrinkles furrowed its fair surface. The ugly lines at the corners of the eyes and mouth were gone. The face was that of a joyous girl of sixteen.

"I do not see how that can be," murmured Lurlie, softly, and giving him a short, quick glance with her blue eyes, that seemed to set his heart in a flame, although that heart had been chilled by the snows of many winters. But the snows, though they had whitened his locks thoroughly, had not so thoroughly chilled his heart. That still beat with passion's fires called into life by the bright eyes of the girl who reposed upon his breast.

"By Jove!" cried the captain, impulsively, "I believe that you will make me young again. Your love will renew my youth. I am an old man, Lurlie; but I have never loved any woman as I love you. Now I know truly what love is. Lurlie, I shall try to make you the happiest little woman in all Chicago. There will not be many things in this world that I shall not give you."

"Your love is all I want," said Lurlie, softly.

"That you have already!" cried the captain, in joy. His nature, though an honest one, was trained in a worldly school. Like many others he believed in buying woman's love, as if love could be bought, or, being bought, was worth the having.

"If I can't give you all the passionate tenderness of a young husband, I can give you all the care and attention of an old

one. I will be both husband and father—watch over you with a father's care, and love you with a husband's tenderness."

"Oh! I know I shall be so happy with you, for I feel that I love you so much!" she said. And then, as if impelled by a sudden thought, she threw her arms around the neck of the old captain and imprinted a warm kiss upon his lips.

Middough had never been so thrilled.

"The carriage is at the corner of the street," he said. "I thought it better to leave it there and not excite attention and remark by driving up before the door."

"Yes, it is better," Lurlie responded.

"I got the license, and called on the minister this afternoon; every thing, therefore, is ready for the ceremony. So as soon as you are ready, we'll go. I am anxious for my happiness. It will be a joyous minute for me, darling, when I call you wife."

"And that will be within an hour," Lurlie said, softly, and a burning blush overspread her cheeks.

"And then in this world we will never part till the dark angel calls me from you." "I hope that will be many, many years hence," Lurlie added, earnestly.

Who could have guessed from her words or manner that she was not speaking the truth?

"Are you ready?" the captain asked.

"Yes, all but putting on my hat and cloak; they are in the closet. It will take me but a moment to put them on."

Lurlie, releasing herself, gently, from the arms of the old man, ran to the closet and got her things.

Tenderly and carefully the captain wrapped the dark cloak around her shapely little shoulders.

The cloak completely hid her white dress.

Middough again drew her to his arms and pressed a loving kiss upon her rosy lips.

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For a moment, Lurlie remained motionless, in deep thought. Her brow was now clear; no deep wrinkles furrowed its fair surface. The ugly lines at the corners of the eyes and mouth were gone. The face was that of a joyous girl of sixteen.

"And now," Charles mentally soliloquized, "when I ask her parent's consent to our marriage, and when he asks me the amount of my worldly possessions—what the deuce am I going to say? Oh, that I had a rich old aunt or grandmother who would obligingly die and leave me all her money! Ho! Ho! I've got an idea! Why didn't I think of it before? I shall proceed to carry it out immediately," and his head full of the idea that had so suddenly occurred to him, Charles started off down the street.

"It's fortunate I know how to swim!" he mentally exclaimed, as he walked along. "I hope that old Broker will make his trip to Albany before long. As surely as he does, I shall obtain his daughter and her fortune, although I will not be able to give any thing in return but myself—my own worthy self!"

He hailed a passing car, and rode up one of the avenues. Reaching the point nearest the residence of Miss Broker, the wealthy heiress, he alighted, and was soon in the presence of that fascinating lady.

After some unimportant conversation, Charles ventured to inquire:

such thoughts as these!" she cried, suddenly and with determination. "The future is bright enough; let me not think then of the past, that has been so dark and gloomy!"

Then, with a bright step and a happy face, as if by the mere exercise of her will she could chase the black shadows from her heart, she returned to the room where she had left Captain Middough.

The old man had seated himself by the window, and was vainly endeavoring to subdue his impatience by gazing out upon the darkness that had dressed busy Chicago in an inky robe.

"Your father will make another trip up the Hudson before long, will he not, Miss Rosalie?"

THE
Saturday
WEEKLY
Journal

Published every Tuesday morning at nine o'clock.

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A POWERFUL LOVE STORY,

By America's Talented Authoress!

MRS. M. V. VICTOR,

Author of "The Dead Letter," "Figure Eight,"

"Who Owned the Jewels," etc.

Will be commenced in the next issue of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, (No. 36), viz.:

THE BROKEN BETROTHAL;

OR,

Maud Arnold's Trial.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

Characterized by the word "singular," this romance is a striking illustration of the power and beauty that are distinguishing traits of Mrs. Victor's writings. No living author can tell a better story, or tell it in a more thoroughly delightful manner, interesting old and young alike. This it is which has won for her the proud position she now occupies as

THE FIRST AMONG AMERICAN NOVELISTS.

In the BROKEN BETROTHAL the lady gives us a creation somewhat unique—certainly very peculiar and original, wholly unlike any thing else she has written. It is designed, apparently, to illustrate certain phases of our modern social life, which makes money a god and makes hearts a plaything. But it, too, most strikingly and powerfully throws into the foreground the strength and wealth there is in a true woman's love, which penetrates all disguises, and, rising above all circumstances, creates an atmosphere that makes all things sweeter for her presence.

Contributors and Correspondents.

"Will you be so kind as to tell me if it is true that all men breed worms in their head?"—An Indianapolis lady. Not having worn the hair of horses or dead women, or made a jute hay-mow of our head, we can not answer with certainty; but, reasoning from analogy, we should say that worms would flourish in the grease and warmth of the chignon; and, also, reasoning not from analogy but from our own conceptions of the fitness of things, we should say that the bigger the chignon, the greater the fool who wears it. This may not be the most courteous mode of treatment to the little girl marrying a foreigner who proves to be a burglar. That is the stock in trade of school-girls and should not be taken from them.—KATE FIELDING'S STRATEGY is not to our taste. It is revolting that a woman should so love a man as to make him a drunkard in order that she might compel him to marry her for her money.—TIS TORY'S TURKEYS, not available. The author is quite inexperienced in writing the price.—BOUND TO THE TRADE will answer for one of the Recollections of the West.—THE OLD MILL, H. D. are not available. They have some very good lines, but others are both weak and obscure in meaning.—Sketch, SOLOMON SLY'S MISTAKE, not good enough. No stamps. MS. not preserved.—MISS CLAUDE MORTON; THE CHASTENING ROD; THE LITTLE BOOTBLACK; MABEL GRANGER, not available, being both imperfect as compositions, and commonplace as to story.—Love sketch, HOW HE FOUND HER HEART, we return. It is quite lacking in that sort of narrative interest to interest.—Can also get FATE BUT FALSE, and DON'S MISTAKE. Do not care to use GHOST OF THE MILL. MS. not preserved.—MS., A PROFITABLE TREE, we return—having an overstock of that class of matter.—A TRAPPER TRAPPED is returned for the same reason.—Ditto, PETE WAGSTAFF'S TALL INN.—Ditto, THE ROBBER'S CAVE.—The poem, THOUGHTS ON REVISITING A GRAVE, is very tenderly told, and full of very sweet emotion; but is rather long. We return it, hoping to hear from the author again.

Can use OLD MAIDS; also, HOW IS IT?

GRUMBLERS; OBITUARY; HUMAN HUMOR; CONDRONERS. THE POOR FARM is not just the thing.—WEIRD GHOSTS; SIX, by same author, is old acquaintance as to incident—a pretty girl marrying a foreigner who proves to be a burglar. That is the stock in trade of school-

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Will use HERO WALKER'S FIGHT WITH THE RAZOR BACK.—Can not use NED AND I. It is crude. This MS. came to us underpaid in postage twenty-three cents, which the author will please remit.—Can not use contributions remitted by Dick Dickson.—We will try and find room for the poem, A FRIEND.—Can use CUPID AT THE RINK, and can not use HOW ONE WOMAN, etc.

EUGENE M., San Francisco, writes for information but sends no stamps for answer.—Miss Libbie A. incloses an unavailable MS. and asks for its return, remitting no stamps. When will authors learn to do business in a more wary way? We return no manuscripts of our own expense; nor do we preserve any MSS. subject to future order. If contributors want their matter returned, again we say remit stamps with its first enclosure to us.

JANE G. S. asks: "Can you give me a good

recipe for making cream cheese?" No, but we can tell you how to cook beans—which is the next

time you know. Buy a bean; bathe it well, and put it in twelve quarts of sawdust

seasoned river water—if you haven't got a

barrel, then soak it in a tub of water; boil it (the bean) six hours by an eight-day clock;

take it (not the clock) out and wipe it thoroughly dry with a cambric linen towel—an old shirt

won't answer; lay it (not the shirt) on its

north-east side, about two degrees S. W.; bore a hole with a bit in each end, abstracting

the "inwards" without injury to the porous

covering—the skin you know; then stand it

end with rice boiled soft, and the other end

end with which you know. Put it (the bean)

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"Coral, my darling, I have been deceiving you—there, there—don't be so frightened. Let me tell you, I have gained an extra fortune, my wife, instead of losing what I had." Coral, little one, you will forgive the love that planned, the ruse that has made me the happiest of men? I saw you would suffer and die rather than marry a rich man; I knew you loved me—don't blush, darling—and so I arranged that an old friend of mine should assist me. You heard him announce my ruin? Coral, my wife, by that little *coup* I have won you rich as ever?"

Coral lifted her tearful, happy face.

"I know it was love, now, my husband?"

"And for my wedding-gift you'll take this house for yours?"

And so little Coral Clifford's love-romance began and never ended.

\$50,000 Reward:

THE ROMANCE OF A RUBY RING.

A PHILADELPHIA HISTORY AND MYSTERY.

BY WM. MASON TURNER, M. D.,
AUTHOR OF "MASKED MINER," "UNDER BALL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SETTLING A BILL.

THE carriage, in which Sadie was taken down to see the terrible sight which had unsevered her, drove rapidly away. Wildfern was seated with the driver, who was none other than our friend—rather acquaintance—Wild Tom, the negro.

They shaped their course toward Fairmount. Suddenly, when the carriage was descending the sharp hill at the further end of Coates street, a bright glare, away toward Laurel Hill Cemetery, flashed far up into the black sky. Then, in an instant all was darkness again—more inky than before.

A few seconds elapsed, and there came a long, rambling, deadened report, as the echo of distant thunder. Then all was still.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Wildfern, maliciously. "I had entirely forgotten our blue-coated friends, who have just now sprung the mine! Well—joy to them! But, Tom, things are getting too warm for us, despite the thermometer! The sun of day-after-tomorrow had better not shine on us in Philadelphia!"

Tom's answer to this was so low, and the rattle of the carriage wheels so loud, that it was not audible.

And then the vehicle disappeared.

* * * * * We can not wonder at the effect produced upon Sadie Sayton by the sight revealed to her, through the curtainless window of the boarding-house on South Tenth street.

What she saw was this: Frank Hayworth—as we know him—was seated by a table, his head bowed down upon his breast. Standing partly above him, and grasping one of his hands, in hers—the other laid tenderly upon his head—was Agnes Hope, the actress.

And they were in the full glare of the light!

But those who sat in the carriage had not heard the gentle, sympathizing words of Agnes as she smoothed back the actor's tangled hair, and said:

"Cheer up, my brother! My heart warms for you; and I will bless the day when Sadie's hand shall rest in yours. Cheer up, and be brave in hope. The sun still shines, though the clouds be dark andowering!"

The dawn of the next day glowed over the world, and then the bright sun arose in glory.

Frank Hayworth was seated moodily in his room. Gloom was still upon his brow, and shadows were swarming around him, despite the brilliant splendor of the day.

He had searched in vain through the city for Sadie, but could learn nothing of one answering to her description.

Then the advertisement of the ring, then that of the sorrow-stricken father, "sick in mind and in body," flashed constantly over him.

Truly his soul was "sorrow-laden." He had been endeavoring to study his part—a new role—for the evening's performance. But he had most signally failed to bring back the old fire; and now he had wearily cast aside the book, and sat, thinking darkly, and dreaming dreams almost beyond conception.

Suddenly there came a ring at the bell; and then steps were heard ascending the stairs. They paused at the actor's door. Then came a loud, decisive rap.

"Come in," said Hayworth, turning around with some curiosity.

It was an odd hour for visitors.

The door was at once opened, and Willis Wildfern, attired in the "tip" of fashion, entered the room with an easy, independent swagger.

The actor arose to his feet—his face growing darker, and his brow contracting. But Wildfern did not wait for the other to speak. He drew a small strip of paper from his pocket, and handed it toward the occupant of the room.

"Is that your writing, sir?" he asked, in an off-hand, business-like manner.

Frank Hayworth drew near and glanced over the paper.

It was the strip he had tacked to the door of the old tenement-house in Catherine

street, in which had lived the widow Hope. The reader will remember that the note was directed to the owner of the property—Wildfern.

"Yes, sir; that is my writing," replied the actor, quietly. "Not knowing your address, and, for good reasons, thinking that you occasionally looked after your tenants, I took that, as the best method, to convey to you the information thereon scribbled."

There was just the slightest bit of elegant irony in this reply, and Willis Wildfern perceived it. But one glance at Frank Hayworth's face and figure satisfied Wildfern that he was a man not to be trifled with. He controlled the hot reply which was upon his lips, and said, sarcastically:

"Thank you for your information, sir; however conveyed; I have called for the rent."

"You shall have it at once. Please write a receipt," pointing to pen, ink and paper on the table, "while I count out the money." Miss Hope informed me of the amount," and Frank Hayworth drew from his pocket-book several notes.

Wildfern leisurely approached the table, and with a languid air, wrote the required receipt. Then the actor handed him the money.

Some change was due, and Wildfern felt in his vest-pocket for it. As he drew out a handful of currency, a ring with a ruby setting fell from among the notes, and rolled on the table.

In an instant Frank Hayworth's eyes had flashed upon the ring, and striding forward, he reached down to grasp it.

But, Wildfern was too quick for him—for he greedily clutched the jewel and transferred it to his pocket.

"Where did you get that ring, Willis Wildfern?" asked the actor, in a low, stern voice.

Wildfern colored with anger and resentment, as he answered:

"An impudent and an unwarrantable question, sir! But, to satisfy your womanish curiosity, I will reply: That ring is a present—I value it highly."

"A present? and—and—from whom?"

Again Wildfern's cheek grew red with anger, but again he answered, calmly:

"Another impudent question! But, as before, I'll reply: From a pretty little Virginian girl—Sadie Sayton by name!"

At a bound, Frank Hayworth dashed madly toward him.

"Villain and falsifier! You lie!"

Wildfern quickly retreated behind the table, and drawing a revolver, aimed it at the other.

"Stand back!" he exclaimed, in a low, hissing voice: "or I'll shoot you through the heart! Another time, and I'll make you eat your words, my fine fellow!"

With this he turned suddenly, opened the door and hurried down-stairs.

For a moment Frank Hayworth stood like one paralyzed; then he slowly sank down in a chair and covered his face with his hands.

About four o'clock that afternoon, Willis Wildfern covertly entered the little alley—opening into Twelfth street—and hurried down Eleventh.

In a moment he had reached the gate in the wall, through which entrance was made into the yard of Lady Maud's mansion.

Then he was in the house.

Lady Maud was standing at the bottom of the stairs; but she did not speak to her visitor, and a smile—half of derision, half of defiance—curled her lip as she saw him.

Wildfern noted her manner, and he read its meaning. But he pretended to observe nothing.

"I have just dropped in, Lady Maud, to say that it will be late to-night before I can visit this girl—my wife to be. So don't look up; I'll come the backway. Be sure to have everything ready for me!"

Wildfern noted her manner, and he read its meaning. But he pretended to observe nothing.

"I have the proof—a marriage-certificate," was the reply.

Wildfern uttered no further word; but, with his face like a dead man's, he staggered away, reeled out of the room, and tottered down-stairs.

The actor did not endeavor to prevent him; he stood to one side, and allowed the stricken man to pass unmolested.

Then the outside door closed with a sudden snap, and the actor heard Wildfern's hasty yet unsteady steps dying away in the distance.

The actor turned toward the bed on which lay the girl.

Agnes had swooned; she had not heard a word of what had passed between the men.

Frank Hayworth suddenly paused as he saw the glitter of something bright and sparkling at his feet. He stooped and picked it up.

He started, and a cry of joy broke from him, as he saw that he held in his hand a ring with a ruby setting! In an instant he had placed it in his pocket. Then he approached the unconscious girl.

"Is that your writing, sir?" he asked, in an off-hand, business-like manner.

Frank Hayworth drew near and glanced over the paper.

It was the strip he had tacked to the door of the old tenement-house in Catherine

street, in which had lived the widow Hope. The reader will remember that the note was directed to the owner of the property—Wildfern.

"Yes, sir; that is my writing," replied the actor, quietly. "Not knowing your address, and, for good reasons, thinking that you occasionally looked after your tenants, I took that, as the best method, to convey to you the information thereon scribbled."

He turned the light on. As he did so, he perceived a note lying on the table, with some surprise, he leaned over, and scrutinized the superscription.

He started; the note was directed to him, and the writing was one that he knew well. He opened the missive and read as follows:

"DEAR FRANK:

"I felt lonesome to-night all alone, and having nothing to do while away the time I have determined to pay a visit to the old house on Catherine street. I wish to get a few articles that I forgot to bring away with me. I write this that you may go to bed and not be uneasy about me, for it may be late before I return."

"Your sister,
"Half-past nine o'clock, AGNES."

Frank Hayworth started, and his face grew dark; then he glanced at his watch. It was now after eleven.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed; "how imprudent! And all alone! This will not do; I will go for her at once. Poor thing! She does not know the risk she runs. But 'tis growing late—I must hurry. She may be in that old house and afraid to come home alone."

A few moments from that time Frank Hayworth, buttoning his overcoat around him, issued from his lodgings, and strode down toward Catherine street. He walked briskly, for in addition to all his other troubles, this one of Agnes' absence was by no means the least. And she, all alone in that dark, shadow-haunted house this black night!

As the thought came over him afresh, he redoubled his pace and hurried on.

Catherine street was reached. He turned up, and hurried on. Suddenly he paused as a long, piercing cry for help, ringing out on the still air. And then another and another cry; and then the shrieks struggled forth in a gurgling sound. Then all was quiet.

Frank Hayworth knew that cry—he knew, too, the throat whence it issued. His blood almost congealed within him, and then it boiled! With an imprecation, which he could not restrain, upon his lips, he sprang forward at a run.

Only a moment elapsed before he stood at the door of the old house, which the reader knows well.

He shook the door until it rattled again; but it yielded not.

And all was silent in the house.

Frank Hayworth placed his shoulder against the panel, and at one vigorous effort, sent the door flying back with an echoing crash. Then he sprang into the dark hall, and in a moment his feet were spurning the creaking staircase. Then he reached the top, and in a moment, had burst like a whirlwind into the front room, in which a light was gleaming.

The sight which fell on the actor's vision

filled his soul with horror, and strung him to vengeance. His bosom swelled, and his eyes shot fire.

Lying on the bed, her hair disheveled, her garments torn and in disarray, her face bloodless and deathlike, her hands nerveless and hanging by her side, lay Agnes Hope, limp and motionless.

Standing over her, and clutching her in a wicked grasp—his eyes burning and his breast heaving, was Willis Wildfern, the man about town. In his hand was a bloody knife, and the ruby gore was welling from Agnes Hope's forehead. But the incision was slight.

The scoundrel raised his head, as Frank Hayworth rushed into the room, and in an instant he thrust his other hand in his bosom.

But, the actor heeded not the menacing gesture. Striding fearlessly into the room, he exclaimed in a deep, indignant voice:

"Villain! monster! And would you thus disfigure your own sister!"

Wildfern straightened up, staggered away, and flung his hands to his head. His face paled, and his eyes seemed to start from their sockets. He clutched at a chair for support, and gasped out:

"What mean you—what say you, Frank Hayworth?"

"That Agnes Hope is your half-sister—that your father was hers—that she is your own flesh and blood!"

"My God! How know you this?"

"I have the proof—a marriage-certificate," was the reply.

Wildfern uttered no further word; but, with his face like a dead man's, he staggered away, reeled out of the room, and tottered down-stairs.

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They had not proceeded two squares, before, suddenly, the fire-bells rung out a wild startling alarm.

Then, a bright, up-reaching glow, flashed in the dark night.

The fire was in the direction of Eleventh and Locust streets.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 25.)

The Power of Kindness.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

"LET her alone, Josephine! She is the worst child in the village! Bad from the very beginning!"

"But she is human, Lizzie; God has no unmarked sparrows."

"True; but there is very little of the sparrow about her, unless it be the sparrow-hawk! Why, she uses the most profane language—it really chills my blood to hear her; and her temper is positively demoniac! I declare, I don't see how any one can take an interest in her."

"Well, Lizzie, if she has all those faults of character and disposition, so much the more reason that she should be told of her errors. It is not the garden which contains

to her mental dwelling, she grew to love the memory of that mother's face which in early childhood had bent over her.

She remembered with painful regret the soft blue eyes and pale forehead, and the sweet voice floated back to her like a strain of half-forgotten music. And as she sat in her lonely dwelling day after day, and formed the piles of straw into graceful hats—for Magdalene was straw-braider—there were pleasant memories of that dead mother weaving themselves with the soft breath of the afternoon, and in the golden sunshine which crept in at the narrow window.

Yes, there was truly a great change in Magdalene Steele, and she was growing better every day. Three years had subdued the evil within her, and brought out the good. It was not all done in a moment—no great thing ever is—but it had been gradual and sure. Much of this was owing to Josephine's agency and personal tuition. She was kind, forbearing and patient with her charge, and the girl loved her very deeply and tenderly.

Mr. Steele, the wretched father of Magdalene, had become a confirmed victim of *malaria a potu*, and one night, alone with his daughter, he breathed his last, with all the horrors of that terrible disease upon him!

After his burial, Josephine took the orphan home with her, and devoted much of her leisure time in educating and forming correct principles in the girl's heart. At fifteen, Magdalene was a striking-looking girl—tall, exquisitely formed, and with a manner high-bred and graceful as a duchess. She was, in a manner, beautiful—no one could look upon her face once, and go away forget it, for there was a beauty of soul there which charmed all who came within its influence. She had made herself very dear to Josephine, and was regarded by Mr. and Mrs. Gray as one of their family.

About this time Murray Wardour, a young man to whom Josephine had been four years betrothed, returned from a prolonged tour in Europe, where he had been studying surgery, and otherwise improving himself in his profession—that of a physician.

Josephine loved him with the whole strength of her affection, not because of his eminently handsome person, or his extensive wealth, but because of his nobility of character, his lofty principles of virtue, and unbending integrity.

Doctor Wardour spent much of his time with his fair betrothed, and, as a matter of course, Magdalene was a great deal in his society. At first she hardly fancied his grave, dignified manner, but afterward she came to respect him very highly. From respect it is but a step to the warmer sentiment of love; and, ere she was aware, Magdalene discovered that as she had never loved mortal, she loved Murray Wardour, the affianced husband of her benefactress—the hope and comfort of the woman whom she owed every thing!

Magdalene felt that if she would, she could win him from her, but should she thus betray so noble and true a heart as that of Josephine Gray? No, no! she almost shrieked, as the thought stole into her brain, and so, for four long months she schooled herself to indifference, and met Dr. Wardour with only calm civility.

She would have left the house, and thus have fled temptation, but she could give no reason for her departure, and her sense of gratitude toward Josephine would not allow her to go forth thus. So she remained until the marriage of the happy pair, which took place in the beautiful month of June; and then, despite every entreaty, she engaged herself as assistant teacher in a female seminary at the South. She was young in years for such an important station, but the painful experience of her childhood had given her a mature look, which was mistaken by many for the passage of years.

As a teacher she met with signal success—her whole soul was in the work—and in the course of two years, she was promoted to the place of preceptor. She received several offers of marriage from highly eligible sources, but she refused them all; for she could wrong no man by giving her hand, when her heart belonged to another.

She heard often from Dr. and Mrs. Wardour, and found a great portion of her content in the repeated knowledge of their prosperity and happiness.

Three years passed, and one day Magdalene received a letter which filled her soul with stern anguish.

Murray Wardour was growing blind! Slowly, but surely the eternal night of blindness was settling upon him—the light of this beautiful world was going away from him—the glory of his life was soon to be shrouded in impenetrable darkness!

Magdalene wept and prayed many an hour over that dismal letter, but it was long before peace came. Only the remembrance of the unfading light of heaven could reconcile her—the knowledge that there shall be no night and no sickness, and no deformity, there, strengthened her, and she wrote to the afflicted wife such a letter as flowed forth from the depths of her sorrow, but submissive heart.

Six months later, Magdalene received a note in the familiar chirography of her friend, but the characters were weak and trembling, and were evidently traced with great effort. There were only these words:

"MAGDALENE:—I am sick—nigh unto death. For Murray's sake, and for the sake

of my new-born babes, come to me. Do not delay."

JOSEPHINE WARDOUR."

Magdalene made all possible haste to gratify the wishes of Josephine, and in two days she stood in the darkened chamber where the wife of Murray Wardour lay dying! The meeting between the long-separated friends was excitingly affecting, and for a time Josephine seemed to rally and grow stronger in the presence of Magdalene.

Two twin-daughters slept now by her side—little blue-eyed cherubs— inheriting their mother's frail constitution and sunny hair.

To Murray Wardour, Magdalene was a blessing; and in the sickness of his wife, and his darkened helplessness, he bitterly felt the need of companionship and sympathy.

Contrary to all expectation, Mrs. Wardour lingered a fortnight after the arrival of Magdalene. Her last words, her dying charge, was whispered, but the faint tones reached the ears for which they were intended.

Mrs. Wardour, with the consent and approbation of her husband, adopted the orphan, and he grew up, under her fostering care, to be a great and good man.

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The quiet goodness of Magdalene Steele, united with her attractiveness of person, won for her the love of Wilton Reed, a distinguished attorney who had recently come from New York and established himself in Wheatwold. Magdalene respected him highly, but if she had been able to love him she would not have left her charge—even to have enjoyed the comforts of a luxurious and happy home. So she refused him.

Magdalene was attacked with a slight illness which kept her confined to her room for a few days, and during this period Dr. Wardour came to a knowledge of his warm regard for his gentle housekeeper. He thought over all her noble, unselfish care of himself and his children; her indifference to the slanders which had been spread abroad by idle tongues concerning her conduct, and he formed a resolution.

The next morning, when Magdalene came down to the parlor, he drew her down on the sofa by his side, and taking her hand in his, said solemnly:

"Magdalene, you have been a ministering angel to the blind mourner during the many months that have passed since Josephine went away—can you be still more?"

Magdalene's heart fluttered, but she did not reply, and he went on:

"Helpless and unattractive—a darkened life, and but little prospect of earth's joy—it may be selfish to ask you to share such a lot, but I love you, Maggie; it is no sacrifice to say it—I love you with a deeper, better, holier love than has ever stirred the depths of my being for any one. Tell me if you can be all to me?"

And Magdalene laid her hand on his shoulder and wept tears of joy.

Six weeks afterward they were married, and for three years their lives flowed on, one calm, quiet current of peaceful happiness. Then there came startling reports of wonderful cures performed upon the blind by a celebrated French optician who was traveling in this country, and a latent hope was aroused in Magdalene's breast that her beloved husband might yet receive his sight. She contrived to have the optician see him, unknown to Dr. Wardour, and his decision filled her with joy. Once more the light of heaven would enter that darkened vision—again the face of his body!

It was done; and Murray Wardour was fully restored to sight.

Oh! the depth and fervency of the grateful thanks which Magdalene offered up to God!

Lizzie Seldon, the young lady who had endeavored to persuade Josephine Gray from trying to bring Magdalene Steele into the Sabbath-school, married a miserable spendthrift, who, after dissipating his wife's handsome property at the gaming-table, died by his own hand in a gambling saloon. After his death Lizzie toiled early and late with her needle in the vain hope of keeping herself and her little son from want; but her strength failed, and she was laid upon her death-bed. It was just before she died that Magdalene Wardour, having heard of her destitute condition, visited her; it was to the once-despised "little pauper" that she owed the comforts which in her last hours surrounded her, and to Magdalene's care, with her dying breath, she committed her child.

Mrs. Wardour, with the consent and approbation of her husband, adopted the orphan, and he grew up, under her fostering care, to be a great and good man.

Mrs. Wardour, do not leave my husband and children. Remain to be his comforter and their mother—and may God bless you!"

Then, with her hand fast locked in that of her husband, and his sightless eyes dropping tears upon her face, Josephine Wardour breathed her last.

It was a sad, lonely house after her death—the funeral gloom lingered in the silent rooms, and the motherless children seemed to hush their wailing into a low moan. Dr. Wardour sat all day in his chair, helpless and powerless; the hands which had been wont to lead him out into the garden and upon the lawn, were folded now upon a pulseless breast—the loving heart which had cared for him so tenderly in his blindness, was cold in the grave!

Deeply and bitterly the blind man felt his loss, and his grief refused all palliation. This was a discovery no less agreeable than important, as here was an article of food perfectly inexhaustible. I had promised myself to spare my powder, but I could not resist the temptation of shooting some of the birds which rose. They were all varieties of snipes—common, painted snipes, of beautiful dark and variegated plumage, slow on the wing, and not very good eating; the large, or solitary snipe, as big as a woodcock; and the Jack-snipe.

When I had crossed the rice-fields I had six brace of snipes, which were plumed, and the fattest and best of them cooked. The swamp ended, a slope of a kind of low jungle followed, with trees about fifty yards beyond. Having dined, and thrown the remains and bones to my dog, I now took my gun and went forward to explore. There is an ineffable pleasure in wandering where, probably, no human foot ever trod, unless it were the naked foot of the savage. There is a pure and calm delight in sailing first up a river, the waters of which never before were cut by the prow of the silent canoe, which I always highly appreciated, and never more so than on the present occasion.

The forest was magnificent, and, I suppose from some peculiarity in the soil, devoid of creeping plants, though there were occasional bushes. This was the more delightful because in all the years that I resided on that remarkable island, the greatest drawback to my enjoyment, was the constant fear of coming in contact with venomous snakes, of which I had an instinctive dread, though pretty well accustomed to their presence.

On all occasions when making my way through the dense undergrowth of the forest, this was my constant source of apprehension.

But what is this noise? Some animals are in front of me. I can hear them plainly. Clutching my double-barreled gun, which was now loaded with ball, I peered through the bushes, and saw a sight I never shall forget.

It was a whole family of monkeys—and monkeys, too, of a race I had never seen. It was the chimpanzee.

As it was always my desire in writing this narrative to give information, as well as to record my adventures, it will be as well for me to dot down a few facts relative to this animal—from both my studies and observations.

The chimpanzee is a large black ape, almost confined to the western coast of Africa, and very common on the mouths of the Gaboon. It ranges, however, over a considerable space, of country.

It is almost entirely black, with the exception of a few white hairs on the muzzle. As it grows old it becomes grayer. The beard on the chin and face gives it a peculiar aspect. It is common with other apes can lay claim to a nose, though it is very flat; that feature, in its perfect shape, being the exclusive property of man. The pig has a snout, but no nose.

In its native country the chimpanzee lives in a partly social state, and at night the united voices of the community fill the air with their reiterated yells. They are said to weave nests for themselves, and take up their residence therein. Now, it is a certain fact that the orang-outang is able to make himself a shelter or platform of interwoven branches—and why not the chimpanzee? But one is said to live on the structure he makes, the other under it. It lingered in my memory for years, and never, but from the most absolute necessity, did one of the tribe receive a shot from me from that memorable day until the present time.

But I knew that I had not brought it on myself, so had not much to regret; but it was many a long day ere I forgot the glance which the dying animal gave, first to me, and then to its once happy mate.

It was a complete victory, but one of which I was not proud. But I knew that I had not brought it on myself, so had not much to regret; but it was many a long day ere I forgot the glance which the dying animal gave, first to me, and then to its once happy mate.

It was done; and Murray Wardour was fully restored to sight.

The ancients considered that they lived in caverns, and mistaking them for wild men who lived in rocky caves, called them *troglodytes*. They live near the ground, and though splendid climbers, rarely avail themselves of the protection which could be afforded them by the higher branches. Their strength, indeed, is such that they are comparatively unharmed by those members of the cat tribe which are usually so feared by the monkey race—such as lions and leopards. Not that any one would face a leopard, but they fight in schools.

It is solemnly asserted that these monkeys carry off negroes into the woods, and detain them there for years, sometimes even until death releases them from their miserable captivity. A very extraordinary narrative is told in Borneo, of a female orang-outang who carried off a Dyak and kept him seven months; but we have no space for it here. The natives of Africa look upon the larger sort of monkey with a sort of superstitious dread, elevating him into a kind of semi-man, and telling the most wild and strange stories in regard to him.

They will not live in a climate like that of England. They are so susceptible of cold, especially where there are marine and saline exhalations, that they become afflicted by pulmonary diseases, and invariably die. But where the climate agrees with them, they are gentle and docile, and, indeed, easily tamed. A most singular circumstance is their fondness for dress. A chimpanzee, who had a new coat, and trowsers given him of a bright hue, tore up the old ones, that there might be no chance of his wearing them again.

Now, the group before me appeared to be composed of a grandfather, a husband and wife, and two large young monkeys, with one baby, which the mother was sucking. It was really a most amusing and not unpleasing sight to one who was such a lover of nature as I was.

The aged monkey, who appeared to have arrived at maturity (a very fine specimen of a chimpanzee, which was domesticated in its native country, lived to twenty-one years of age), sat with his back to a tree, looking on. He was evidently feeble and old, though what his age was nobody could have guessed. The age to which it attains in its wild state is wholly unknown. But, at all events, this one was not young. The father and mother were full-grown monkeys; the young ones vigorous and supple. They were rolling on the ground in play; they wrestled, hit out, bit, but did not hurt one another. It was all fun.

At this moment, with a roar almost terrible to myself, in dew Tiger, and I knew at once that a tragedy was to be enacted. The female, thinking more of the baby she had at her breast than any thing else, flew to a tree, climbed it with one paw, and sat grinning on a branch.

The old chimpanzee showed his teeth, and snatched at a bough of a tree, but could not break it. The young and powerful monkey seemed prepared to defend himself solely with his powerful arms, and still more powerful hind legs. But the valiant dog, nothing daunted, rushed at him. In an instant the ape had him round the neck with such a powerful grasp as nearly to stifle him, while the young ones clutched him with their claws.

There was no time to lose, as even the aged ape was coming to the charge. Firing one barrel directly in the breast of the younger monkey, I advanced to the charge. As far as he was concerned, it was unnecessary. He threw up his arms, looked a look of deep and untold despair, fury, and impotent desire for revenge, cast his eyes upward to where sat his faithful mate, and fell back, bleeding and insensible, on the ground.

The old monkey stood still, as if spell-bound, while the younger ones would have escaped to the trees. But one succeeded, the other being pinned to the earth by my fierce and powerful dog. This made me think at once of a plan which had often entered my mind. I was well aware that orang-outangs are taught to carry water and wood, and do many acts of domestic servitude—and why not a chimpanzee?

Throwing a noose round its arms, in such a way as to render it powerless, I made it stand, and then surveyed the field of battle.

The old monkey, who was really unable to join in the combat, stood on the defensive, leaning on a branch it had succeeded in breaking. The male younger monkey lay writhing in its blood; the female sat, with a sad, frightened and perplexed look, on a bough, while the twin of the prisoner had got about ten feet up a small tree, where it sat, jabbering and grinning at me in unalloyed terror. It was a complete victory, but one of which I was not proud.

But I knew that I had not brought it on myself, so had not much to regret; but it was many a long day ere I forgot the glance which the dying animal gave, first to me, and then to its once happy mate.

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It was too much for it. He pinned it to the ground, and there held it until I came up and secured its arms.

Satisfied with these prizes, I turned backward. In order to secure the captives from all chance of escape, I had tied the left wrist of one to the right wrist of the other, and then, with a stick to keep them in order, and my dog behind them, led them along. The dog, however, kept them more in awe than any thing.

TO ADVERTISERS.

PROGNOSTICATIONS.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

When Earth turns round and travels West,
And birds go flying through the sea,
When highest mountains shall be least,
Then all the girls shall married be.

When bricks get fledged and take to wings,
And fish talk Dutch that's very high,
When day is night and night is day,
Then all the fools on earth will die.

When millstones life-preservers are,
And widowers in truth shall moan,
Then all the liars can exclaim—
"Alas, our occupation's gone!"

When church vances point four ways at once,
When deaf men hear and blind men see,
When money comes without much work,
Then all mankind shall honest be.

When girls grow young instead of old,
And crows turn gray, and one is two,
When eggs grow on a briar bush,
Then true love shall indeed be true.

When boys can raise a nice mustache,
And boils come only when desired,
When toads as senators can sit,
Then high-held heads will be admired.

When men in battle cease to run,
And fingers grow upon the nose,
When naval officers earn their pay,
Then those who toll shall win repose.

When Christmas comes three times a year,
And bitterness is drawn from honey;
When men pay more than what they owe,
I think that I'll have plenty of money.

The Young Slaver;
OR,
THE PRODIGAL'S FATE.

BY ROGER STARBUCK.

EDGAR MELTON married a poor but intelligent Lowell factory girl, named Louisa Morton. Her attractions were such as might have been looked for in a young woman of her pure and noble nature. She had blue eyes, a snow-white skin, chestnut-colored hair, and a form full of grace and beauty.

Edgar's father, the head of a wealthy firm connected with an East India company—had strongly opposed the match.

The young man, however, who had been brought up to do pretty much as he pleased, had snapped his fingers at his parent, and gone straight to a minister with pretty Louisa, who had known nothing of his father's opposition.

Edgar had many noble traits of character; but, unfortunately, he had been left, by his careless parents, to run rather "wild" so that he grew up with nothing to help him along in the world except a good education. This, as all scholars can testify, although an "excellent thing," is not a very good handle for the grinding out of greenbacks.

Old Melton altered his will on his son's marriage, bequeathing every penny to the church. He heard from various quarters that the young man and his wife were suffering even for the necessities of life, but with the exception of an anonymously-sent ten-dollar bill, he would not lift a hand to help them.

Finally, Edgar, whose rather nautical habits of boating and yachting had given him some knowledge of water, went as a foremast hand aboard a coasting schooner, where he earned a few dollars.

The schooner, however, being soon split in two on Plymouth Rock, Edgar was thrown out of employment.

Vainly he looked round for work aboard other vessels. All were full, and did not want a green hand.

In this dilemma, Edgar was walking about one evening near dusk, when he was accosted by a rough-looking fellow in a pea-jacket, who, entering into conversation with him, soon learned his troubles.

"Ay, ay, my young heart," said he, laughing. "How fortunate! You're just the chap I want for second officer."

"But I am rather green in sea matters," said Edgar.

"Never you mind; I'll soon larn ye the ropes!"

"What kind of a vessel is yours?"

At this the man looked steadily and mysteriously at the other, as if to see whether he could trust him.

Then he acknowledged that his vessel was not altogether what would be termed a lawful craft. She was a slaver!

"A slaver?" cried Edgar, aghast; but the man soon partially quieted his repugnance by naming the magnificent wages he would pay him.

The young husband thought of his wife and child.

"I will think over your proposal," said he, "if you give me a day or two."

A place of rendezvous was named for the second day, when they separated.

Edgar, early next morning, went straight to his father's counting-room.

The old gentleman was, as usual, at his desk, his spectacles on, his pen busy.

One might have known, to look at him, that he would hold anger or a grudge a long time.

On hearing steps he turned, raising his spectacles from his eyes, to behold his son.

In a few words Edgar told his business.

He had come, he said, to ask his father for some money, or even to procure him employment at some one of his many desks. If he refused, he (Edgar) would be obliged to accept an unlawful situation, which would render him liable to imprisonment, and perhaps to the gallows. It was for his father to choose for him honor or disgrace.

The irascible old fellow surveyed the stalwart limbs of the young man.

"Why don't you go and dig?" he exclaimed, sharply. "The desks are all filled, and as to giving you money, that, you may make up your mind, is out of the question!"

"Enough!" cried Edgar, haughtily.

"You compel me to turn to crime!"

And he stalked out of the room.

On the next day he repaired to the rendezvous, and with two or three dashes of the pen made an agreement to ship with the slave captain.

The latter's vessel was at the West Indies—off one of the Bahamas.

Neither the two repaired, after the young man had bidden adieu to his wife. She received, a week later, thirty-five dollars in gold, sent from that place by her reckless husband.

The vessel sailed for the African coast. Edgar was soon disgusted with the crew and

with his brother-officers, all of whom were low, brutal fellows of the vilest stamp.

He would often sit by himself far aloft on the mantop-gallant yards, thinking of his innocent wife, who little dreamed of the sort of business he was engaged in, of his little child, into whose earnest blue eyes he had not dared to look too long, lest his resolution should fail him.

The captain, Robert Mast, was a little the superior of his shipmates. There was about him an air of reckless daring and hardihood which pleased the fancy of Melton, much as he inwardly condemned his calling.

The African coast was reached in due time. A cargo of miserable blacks were brought aboard and secured in the hold. Edgar was yet more disgusted, and often interfered to prevent the blows which the other officers would shower upon the naked backs of the poor slaves. Seeing some of them torn from their wives and children, he had been sufficiently heartrending to sicken him of his calling. He had actually fought with one of the officers in behalf of a poor fellow, whose old mother hung about his neck, screaming in such agony that the kind heart of the mate could not bear it. Owing to the latter's determination, this black was finally allowed to go free.

With her cargo, the slave schooner stood toward the West Indies. She had not proceeded far, when, late in the afternoon, a sail, proving to be a sloop-of-war in pursuit, was sighted astern.

The captain crowded all sail, but the sloop gained fast.

"She will overtake us!" said he, a desolate look in his eyes.

So saying, he went below. Soon after the sloop was within gun-shot. She drew yet nearer, until she might have pored a broadside into the sloop.

"Hark ye," said the captain, addressing all hands; "such of you as prefer capture to death, can have it. I have lighted a train to the powder magazine!"

There was a rush for the boats; but the explosion took place before the time the captain had anticipated; before a boat could be lowered.

There was a crash like a bursting volcano. The schooner went to fragments, and, with her unfortunate crew, was sent flying up into a red volume of flame and smoke.

The shrieks of the poor blacks had, at that dread moment, mingled with those of the whites, rising up and simultaneously piercing the skies, after which all was still!

"I lifted my head, and in a few moments

I saw, through an opening in the bushes, two horsemen riding along in a slow trot.

They were, rough-looking fellows enough,

but there was a free, devil-may-care expression about their features, hairy as they were, that proclaimed them to be brother miners.

Still I did not care to be seen, for Jim and I were enough to manage our claim,

and the strangers might want a hand in. So I lay still, and lucky for me that I did so.

The miners had not passed my covert a hundred yards, when a dozen rifle-balls

were sent into them, bringing both to the ground, while a crowd of rough-looking devils rushed out, and while some caught the animals, the others went to rifle the men.

But before a hand could touch them, one of the strangers whipped out a revolver and with a curse, blazed one of the robbers full in the face. He dropped, and never kicked.

"Neither did the miner, for the rest fell

upon him with knives and then all was over.

The men were rifled, and to judge from the looks of the scoundrels, the haul was a pretty good one.

One man, alone, I noticed, stood a little apart, and while this was going on, he had hesitated so long, when at parting, he asked him what kind of a vessel he was going to sail in.

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